

# Games Become Reality

by Moreta Lynx

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Summary: Two friends playing Halo2 suddenly find that this is a game not to be taken lightly. Read 'Hello Halo' First Catigory is AA, not humor geared, the story will grow more serious as the stiuations do.

## 1. Just Another Day

Games become reality

Author here, "talking", \_"Thinking", Computer or com system  
> <em>Change in POV -

Kudos to Gramemaker, he kinda gave me the idea, but this story is my own. Speaking of which.

The rating is PG13 'cuz it might get violent, But there is no sweating, nor crude langue.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo, or Halo2, I own copies of them but not the rights to them, I also don't own the song \_Sandstorm\_, nor do I own McDonalds, I think they own me.

\* \* \*

>Chapter1 "Just another day"<p><p>

"Vikki, Your dad's here to pick you up!"

> The words jerked her out of the book she was reading like an electric shock.<br> Tired, Frustrated, sweaty, and sore, Vikki got up, refilled her drink and gathered her stuff.

> Then, calling bye to her co-workers, she stepped out into the rain.<p>

After getting up at 5:00 that morning, going to work in a wet uniform, getting 3 busses with a total of 100+ high schoolers, and slamming her shoulder in the door'cuz some moron decided to ignore

her and leave without his bag of fries.

> Vikki wanted very much to take a shower and blow some stuff up.<p>

Upon getting home she Immediately put what was left of her lunch in the fridge, grabbed a change of clothes from her room, walked to the bathroom closed and locked the door.

> Seconds later the song <em>Sandstorm<em> blared through the bathroom door, followed closely by the sound of running water.

10 minutes later she emerged from the bathroom dressed in slightly baggy blue jeans, with zippers down the front, and two extra pockets down the side, a shirt that was all black except for the front panel which was gray with a dragon on it, and some gray and black sneakers.

Her tail bone length brown hair with natural gold highlights, was done in her usual fashion,

> In a deceptively small bun held by a lone black chopstick, she had dark skin, Hazel eyes, and was 18 to be 19 next month.<p>

"Now," she said sitting down with a X-Box controller. "I have a heretic to kill."

> Setting skill level to 'Legendary', She then immersed herself in the duty of an Arbiter.<p>

-

Jeffrey sighed with relief as he finished up the last of his math homework.

"I'm done mom!" he called into the kitchen,

"With all your homework?" came her reply from his mom, Alice.

"Yep, all of it."

"Hmm good job," she said looking over his work. "Nice, neat, and fast."

Alice looked at her watch. "Hey Vikki should be done with work by now.

"You want to head over there?"

His eyes lit up and a slightly evil grin appeared on his face, thinking of the prospect of him and his cousin 'Blowing things up' and 'making some noise'.

Jeff had just turned 12, and had more blond then brown hair, pretty close cut, but not to close,

> brown eyes, light skin, wore baggy blue jeans, a gray shirt under a yellow button up bearing the pattern of a bulldog fighting a dragon surrounded by flames. <em>A.N. frankly I think the Dragon is gunna win\_

Walking in from the rain, which as un-avoidable because it had been raining all day merely to remind everyone that Michigan weather was not to be enjoyed.

> Upon entering the house Jeff, or Munch as most people called him,

was assaulted by the smell of popcorn, and the sounds of furious battle.<br> Walking to the back of the futon couch that Vikki was sitting on, he watched as She slashed at a large Elite on a jetpack, with a plasma sword. Jeff reaches down to steal some popcorn from the bowl where it had been tempting him, But just as he was about to grab at some of the golden crenels he felt an arm wrap around his neck and shoulders and a swift yank down, at that point the world did a strange thing, it did a summersault, with a loud \*\*creak\*\* he realized he was now sitting on the couch, instead of standing behind it. Looking over to his cousin for some answers as to how that came to be.

He then noticed 3 things:

> 1. She had paused the game mid-slash,<br> 2. She was looking at him and grinning that evil grin he had learned to be wary of, and  
> 3. Ohh, that popcorn still looked good.<p>

"Have a good trip?" Vikki asked

"Ha, ha, very funny." He replied

"Here, make a mess while I finish killing the heretic." She said handing him the bowl of popcorn.

> "Then we'll do some deathmatching."<p>

As she un-paused the popcorn and the plasma swords, started flying.

Later

"Munch hunting we will go, Munch hunting we will go,  
> High, Ho, the dairy-oh, Munch hunting we will go."<br> A voice sang with dark cheerfulness, as a steel gray, and purple Spartan crept up on a Yellow, and steel gray Elite, with a plasma sword.

\_MoretaLynx sworded J3ph\_

"Hee hee, got you again munch!"

"Humph lets work on our co-op"

"OK, but remember this time you can't hide in the last room while I take everyone out, got it?"

Later

"Jeff get your butt in here!"

"Once it's safe."

"Once it's safe? But what's the point of this if you make me kill everything?"

"Hey, that's not fair, I kill lot's of things."

"Yeah, like while playing the Arbiter you kill teammates!"

"Well it's hard to tell the difference."

"Sure, if you're a blind monkey."

> <em>A.N. I have nothing against Monkeys, in fact one came through the drive-thru today.

> <em>\_He drove up very calmly and asked for some napkins, I, also calmly, told him to go to the next window.\_

"HEY!"

"OK, ok, next room, I dive in, you hang back and snipe."

They both dove into the next room, Her plasma sword flashing, killing with perfection, His battle rifle barking, each shot meeting it's intended target with surgeon-like accuracy.

> <em>A.N. TEENSY bit of exaggeration here, were not quite that good but I've only had my X-Box since Christmas, give me some time, I'm normally not one to play F.P.S.'s(1) with a counsel.\_

Elite: "Ahh humans, so easy to ki-."

> The last word cut off by a precise 3-round burst to the head.<br>"Perfect Munch. Couldn't have timed that better."

Suddenly coming along a pack of 3 Elites in red armor, Vikki finds her plasma sword empty. She quickly switched to her shotgun and started hammering away at the closest of the Far-to-close aliens.

\_"One shot shield's downâ€¦.. another shot it's deadâ€¦â€¦. Next oneâ€¦..not enough timeâ€¦.."\_

She turned desperately to line up her next shot for the creatures chest, the shield alarms flashing red and blaring in her ear.

\_"NUTS!"\_

There was a flash of blue and Vikki's world began to grow dark. The controller dropped from her hand and clattered as she fell to the couch unconscious.

> <strong>"VIKKI!"<strong> Jeff screamed as he saw her fall, dropping his controller, he grabbed Vikki's shoulder and started shaking her, trying to get her up.

> Meanwhile the now-duo of Elites had reached Jeff's now-unmanned Avatar, there was another flash of blue and the world went dark.<p>

\* \* \*

>(1)First Person shooter<p><p>

Author: Yes, yes I know, a cliffhanger, this mealy seemed like the right spot to end the chapter.

Man when I asked my best friend to Beta read for me, I didn't know that he moonlighted as a English major.

> (JK Brendan, thanks for being blunt as always)<p>

I will do my best to update regularly, but I have very limited amounts of time.

And yes, a monkey did come through drive-thru.

## 2. Rude Awakenings

La ti da, this is chapter 2

"Talking", \_"Thinking", Computer or Com system,\_

Change in POV-

sharpshooter one two five: Thanks very much for the honest Review, I genuinely appreciate it.

> I've Trying to watch my tenses. I'll fix the first chap, once I get this one out. The other errors too.<p>

Dumasss: Thank you, this is me continuing.

Yomiko the hellbunny slayer: Updating. How's this for more?

Meatwad: I hope this chapter upgrades me from "Not bad" to "almost good" ;)

XXHellsingXx: Thanks, I'm a sucker for detail. And I'm glad my story's not just 'same 'ol',  
> P.S. Most of the conversation's here are quite true to life, Munch hunting, Him hanging back leaving me to take care of room's full of Brutes, and you should see him eat popcorn. ;<p>

\* \* \*

>Chapter 2 "Rude Awakenings"<p><p>

The Master Chief, Spartan-117, was on the upper railing of Hanger Bay A-01, shooting at the Covenant that was invading the Orbital-Platform \_Cairo. \_When he saw a bright yellow light fill his Vision and two figures drop out.

> <em>"Isn't that the teleportation beam from Halo? How is that possible? I know there are other ones, but wherever they are, it's to far away for a teleport."<br> \_His train of thought was cut off when he saw a grunt with a needler waddle up un-loading his gun at one of the prone figures.

> Just when the shields had died the grunt had to pause to re-load, but John(1) was un-able to help as a red Elite insisted on drawing his attention, and his fire.<p>

-

\*\*BREEEEP, BREEEEP, BREEEEP, BREEEEP!\*\*

\_ "Ungh, how could it already be 5:00? When did I go to sleep? Man I've got to go to bed sooner, a few more hours on the net just isn't worth this. How am I gunna make it working 8 hours? Hmm, can I call in sick?"

> <em>She reached up to silence her alarm, but her fingers instead encountered something rather foreign. Upon opening her eyes to locate the still-screaming alarm, she saw a up-close-and-personal view of a steel-gray floor.

She blinked, it didn't work, she tried again, the world continued refusing to behave itself and look like her normal black comforter with white dragons, instead it looked a whole lot like the deck of

the Cairo. There was a red armored Grunt running toward her holding a purple needler.

> Instincts honed by countless hours of F.P.S's(2) kicked in.<br> A quick glance around showed that the odd object she found while trying to shut off her alarm, was a Battle Rifle.

> As the grunt shot, she dove toward the gun, and the space she had occupied only moments before became alive with purple-colored crystalline, which exploded mere moments later.<br> In one smooth motion, she hefted the rifle, aimed, and squeezed 2, 3 round bursts into the grunt's head.

-

The Master Chief was relieved to see the figure dodge out of the way and take the offending grunt out, But as it did He realized that the figure was a Spartan.

> He knew in an instant that it wasn't one of the few remaining Spartans, He, or she, didn't move right.<p>

He tried to call up the figure's name on his HUD,(3) but all that was there was the persons symbol it was a Ninja with a red head wreathed in crimson fire, on a background of a steel-gray-X-on-purple. The spot where it should show the name, only error messages appeared.

He saw the Spartan stand and approach the other figure who then stirred, shook it's head then stood. After what appeared as a moment of conversation the first one ran up and backhanded the other, another long moment of conversation (argument?), then they both walked up to each other and clasped each other's triceps. That's when a new wave of Covenant dropped in to the party, they both picked up Battle rifles and worked to remove the interlopers.

> John(3) then concentrated taking out the Covenant that, for the moment stood between him and the two mysterious figures.<br> They didn't stand long.

-

Vikki sat there panting. Trying to collect her wits and calm the adrenalin that was now pumping through her veins like never before. Staring at the Grunt corpse before her, she tried to figure out if she was dreaming or not.

\_"This seems slightly to real for a dream, but if it is I may as well enjoy it."\_

With that she stood, as she did she realized that she was wearing Spartan armor, and the alarm she had herd was triggered by her shield's failing.

\_"Hmm, well that's odd."\_

A deeper part of her brain screamed that she should be having a bigger reaction than that.

> She ignored it and walked to the other figure in Brown with white accents. A symbol appeared on her HUD(2). Surprising her, it was a dark blue and purple drone on a brown and white  $\frac{3}{4}$  background.<p>

\_"Hmm, that's Jeff's symbol, and that's his character's armor color."\_

With that the same deeper part of her brain, gave up with a sigh, sulking off to an even deeper part so it could sulk properly.

As she approached the figure, it shifted, and she heard a groan through her helmet's radio.

"Oww, what did she put in that popcorn?" a vaguely familiar, but still unknown voice said.

"Munch?"

"Umph, what?" came a tired reply.

"Uhh, you might want to look around."

"Humm?â€|. \*\*Waaagh!\*\* What the Crud!"

"Woah, woah, calm down, Panicking doesn't help."

"Who are you?"

"It's called a brain, Munch, use it."

"Huh? No way. This must be a dream, someone hit me."

Vikki then obliged.

"Oww, that hurt!"

"What! You asked me to."

"Well I didn't mean for you to."

"How am I supposed to tell the difference?"

"Very funny."

"OK, we need to get it together. Look around you. Doesn't this look familiar?"

"Like the Hanger from Halo2."

"Yep, and that means Covenant. We have to get it together. Remember there's no re-spawning here."

"How do you know that?"

"better safe than sorry. Don't worry, we'll make it."

They walked up and grasped each other's arms in a handshake.

"Let's kill some Covenant." Vikki said.

> They grabbed the Assault Rifles they saw laying near, and opened fire.<p>

-

Once the fire died down, the Master Chief made his way to the two.

> "Report, state your name and what your doing here." The Master Chief barked<p>

"Umm, hmm that could be a little difficult Sir." A female voice replied from the one with steel-gray and purple accents.

"We don't know what we're doing here either. But as for our names, I'm Moreta Lynx, orâ€|just Lynx. And as for him." Lynx gestured to where the one in brown with white accents stood. "Most Just call him Munch."

> As she said this their names appeared next to their symbols in the HUD(3), Lynx's next to the ninja, and Munch's next to the drone.<p>

"The last thing we knew, we were sitting in our living room playing ha-" She caught herself, not wanting to give away \_that \_little detail "\_a\_ video game and I bit off a little more than I could chew, my character died and that's all I remember."

"You passed out and scared the crap out of me."

"I have no idea how we got here, how we got in the MJOLNIR.(4) I mean by all right's we shouldn't even be able to use this thing without killing ourselves. And last I knew, Munch, you were 12! And not \_quite\_ that tall."

"Your not exactly short yourself you know."

"But I was still taller than you."

"You still are!"

"I know, I just wanted you to admit it."

> The Master Chief just about to step in and break up the conversation-gone-awry, when the com system came to life.<p>

\_Look there retreating, we won!\_

Lynx felt her insides freeze, she knew those words. She opened a private com to Munch.

"Munch, you know what happened next right?"

"Ummmmmmmmâ€" "

"The Mulsa blows up!" she yelled

"Ohhh, yeahâ€|â€|â€|â€|.What's the Mulsa?"

"An orbital platform you dip!"

"Ohh, right."

"Don't you ever pay attention to what's going on while we're fighting?"

"No, not really I just kill what's in front of me."

"You're a moron, you realize that right?"



Although the argument seemed in full swing, it was prematurely ended by an explosion.

\_"It was so \*\*real,\*\* well of course it was, but it was so different from the CG graphics.  
> <em>\_Beautiful, but then at the same time, heart wrenching."\_

Her thoughts were interrupted by a wave of Covenant .

"Munchâ€|.Here we go." She said determinedly.

"We've got a job to do."

(1)The Master Chief's real name, but only other Spartans know it, according to the Military he is: Spartan-117.  
> (2)First Person Shooter.<br> (3)Heads up Display  
> (4)MJOLNIR, I think it was the name of Thor's hammer, it's the name of the Spartan's Battle Armor<p>

Yet another Cliffhanger, but hey isn't that what I'm suppose to do?

> It's really late and I need to get to bed.<br> I plan on getting chapters done ahead of time, so when I post one I will have one done and ready.

Let me know what you think. Please RR.

### 3. Not Just a Game

Hi, 3rd installment. Woot!. (ahem. Mark 2, I fixed stuff)

"Talking", \_"Thinking", Computer or Com system,\_ Change in POV(-)

Blade: Frankly I've always wished I was a gamer stuck in a game, but with respawning, that part would be handy. As for your question, only time will tell, although Gravemind might have some good insight. (I love forshadowing)

dumass: I'm continuing, I should be able to get chap4 out soon, due to the fact that I'll have more time on my hands 'cuz I can't work with pneumonia. (amazing I can spell pneumonia without spellcheck's help, but not 'which')

xXHellsingXx: firstly, thanks good to know, secondly, I feel much the same way, I need to know people are reading and enjoying to keep myself motivated. (look I spelled Motivated without spellcheck too.)

GarlKurn: Ohh, my first flame, shiny 'whips out stick and marshmallows' Yay s'mores!

> Anyway if you don't like the story I have a simple solution for you, don't read it, and seeing as you don't give me sufficient explanation as to why you don't like it, as in plot holes, bad characters, absurd storyline, I feel no obligation to change it in anyway.<br> Secondly, yes a monkey \*\*did\*\* come through drive-thru, and, as I obviously alluded to in what I said about it, most people with at least one working brain cell could tell it was a man in a monkey costume with too much time on his hands, and was probably

high, nevertheless, it did happen, call the McDonalds in Imlay City MI. if you need confirmation, ask for Cari, she recently told me her world would shatter if I was ever proved of doing anything dishonest, but make sure the call isn't traced, she's 'kinda protective.

Xearo the White Hand: First thanks for the honest review, there like medicine, not always fun to take, but you wind up better in the end. 'hmm, Cherry flavored'

> I will try to make it easier to read, but I've been trying to keep away from stating, and re-stating peoples names, I always find it to be obtrusive to the flow of the story.<br> But the last statement, I guess I don't quite get, I don't play online, as much as I'd like to, because where I live, broadband isn't available, in fact, the only way to get a faster connection than dialup is to pay 70 a month for satellite, not happening, and I have read the books, played the first game, and the second, I don't know what you mean by looking more into the game. And there is a firm difference between what you said, and what GarlKurn said, you were helpful, He just wanted to give himself the allusion of power by wielding a flame thrower.

\* \* \*

>Chapter3: "Not Just a Game"<p><p>

Lynx threw a plasma grenade she got from the upper platform. After sticking it to an Elite, she then quickly ducked behind a box and reloaded her Battle Rifle, keeping an eye on her FOF(1) to make sure nothing red was approaching her position.

> The rifle was reloaded by the time the plasma grenade blew, and she came out gun's blazing.<p>

She quickly took out another Elite whose shield was down from the explosion, then taking out the remaining grunts, she reloaded.

> Just as she slapped the fresh clip in, she heard it.<br> "Uh, Oh, hey they're leaving the Athens." Someone said in a worried tone,

> Lynx had just enough time to see the other O.P. (2) blow.<p>

\_"Noâ€|.."\_

(-)

Munch who had been sniping from atop the upper platform Via orders given by Lynx and backed by the Master Chief, Saw the explosion, and, seeing Lynx's barrel drop at the sight of it, private 'commed her.

> "Lynx, there was nothing you could do.<br> The only thing we can do now is prevent it from happening here, and take down 2 Covenant for every one of ours that fell, and will fall.

> Nothing we can do will bring them back, but we can make the Covenant regret it."<p>

"Hmph, they'll regret it so much, they'll name a prophet after it." She replied determinedly.

(-)

The Master Chief saw the explosion, and felt every Human death settle like a weight on his shoulders, there was a lot of weight on John's shoulders, all but a precious few of his fellow Spartans, Caption

Keys, Foe Hammer(3), so, so very many on Halo.  
> He just wished he could someday make all there sacrifices worth it.<p>

"Cortana," Said Admiral Hood. "assessment."

"That explosion came from inside the Athens, just like the Malta. The Covenant must have brought something with them, a bomb."  
> "Then they sure as Hbrought one here.<br> Chief, find it"

"Lynx, Munch" The Chief said calmly and resolutely. "We have a priority shift."

They walked to the two ramps set into the middle of the hanger floor.

> Lynx and Munch to the left one, and the Master Chief took the right hand one.<p>

"Munch, I'll take point," she said.  
> "you snipe."<p>

As they both took out the Covenants on their side of the ramp, Lynx thought through a problem. She knew that Elites in active camo, waited on the other side of the door.

She needed to warn the Chief of them, but she couldn't let him know that she knew what was coming.  
> She was about to take the last grunt out when a 3 round burst from behind did the job for her.<br> "Nice sniping Munch, keep it up and you might be as good as Linda(4) soon."  
> "Cool?" Said Munch enthusiastically sounding like the kid she knew.<br> "â€|â€|..Who's Linda?"  
> She put her helmeted face in her hand.<br> "Oy, Munchâ€|â€|.justâ€|â€|â€|Oy."

Opening a channel to John and Munch, Lynx said.  
> "Careful Chief, I think I heard something."<p>

Thus alerted, upon opening the doors, The Master Chief instantly saw the Elite in active camo, and hosed him down with hot lead.

Munch and Lynx, having already finished their Elite, walked over. Lynx looked at the swiss cheese Elite.  
> "Hmm," Said Lynx thoughtfully.<br> "stick a hose in his mouth, put him in your garden, and Voa'la, a sprinkler."  
> They both stared at her.<br> "What?"  
> "That's it, I don't know you." Said Munch.<br> "No sense of humor." She sighed.

The Chief looked at her questioningly.  
> "How did you about the hostiles on the other side? I didn't hear anything."<br> "Women's intuition." She replied.  
> "Hmmm."<br> Just then a voice from some ware above them distracted him, Lynx gave a slight sigh of relief until she herd it's message.  
  
> "Just what this place needs, a couple 'a green-**aaaugh!**"<br> \*\*The trio in Spartan armor, entered just in time to see the man fall. They then took out his killers, two Elites in red and black armor.

Munch walked over to the body, knelt down and closed the man's eyes, and was silent and still for a moment.

> He then picked up his shotgun, stood, and looked toward Lynx.<br> "Here Lynx," He said tossing her the gun  
> "Your fave."<br> "Thanks Munch." She said catching it and exchanging a glance \_( A.N .which is hard to do through tinted Helmets).\_\_

Grabbing more ammo for it and her Battle Rifle, she reloaded and prepared to enter the next room.

"Same as always." The Chief said. "Munch, hang back and snipe, Lynx and I will charge 'em."

> They burst into the spacious room, Lynx jumped onto the first of the raised platforms and took out the first two of the grunt's with the butt end of her shotgun, then shooting an Elite in the chest, she watched it fall and switched on her com.<br> "And \*\*That's \*\*why I love the shotgun!" She said triumphantly.

> John watched her as she moved, at first he had been a little leery of her wielding the shotgun. For full effectiveness the shotgun should be close range, and he was worried about that, but as he watched her he realized that it was a good match for her. She was quick, and agile as the cat she was named for, able to get in close without getting touched.<br> No wonder her Icon was a Ninja.

> And Munch, he had been worried when he first started providing backup, his shot's were sloppy and he was wasteful with his ammo, but as time went on his shot's became more, and more precise, and he became more and more efficient with his shot's as well.<br> He was turning into a first rate sniper.

> Him and Linda would get along nicely.(4)<p>

"Munch take out that grunt on the plasma turr-."

> A trio of shot's rang out before Lynx finished, the rain of plasma came to an abrupt end.<br> "Ooohh, now that's fast service."

> "I aim to please."<br> "Oww, I'd rather take the plasma."

Going up the stairs the trio reload their assorted weaponry and paused to take a breath.

> Upon entering the room where the grunt had been perched atop the plasma turret, the far door slid open to reveal a red and black Elite, and a squad of Grunts.<br> The three fanned out so they wouldn't be easy grenade fodder.

> Munch stationed himself behind a pillar and started sniping, while the Master Chief stepped up giving Lynx covering fire as she charged in, her shotgun spouting fire, as Covenant troop after Covenant troop, fell.<p>

"Hmmm, not very good house guests, look at the mess they leave." Said Lynx as she reloaded her shotgun.

> "I'm going back for some more ammo. Back in a flash." And with that she jumped out the window to the previous room. <em>(A.N. you know, the one with the platforms)<br> \_"Hmm, good idea." Said the master Chief following.

> "I'll stay here and make sure this pillar doesn't move." Said Munch helpfully.<p>

After the two returned to the mess and the pillar, (which hadn't dared to move), the three proceeded through the hall, to be met by Sergeant Johnson.

> "This way Chief."<br> "I was almost on board when they showed up."

Said Commander Miranda Keys.

> "Don't worry ma'am, we'll take care of this." Sergeant Johnson said.<p>

Master Chief threw a plasma grenade into the mob of Covenant, and as they dodged out of the way, Lynx ran to where some stacked boxes weren't quite flush with the wall.

> As the Covenant dove toward those boxes for cover, they were greeted with a surprise, another plasma grenade.<br> \*\*\_BOOOM!\_  
> <strong>The only thing that emerged from behind the boxes, isn't something that can be described without pushing up this story's rating.

"Thanks, I owe you one." Said the Commander as she made her way down the now re-painted hallway.

> Johnson walked up to the Master Chief, and, gesturing to the odd Spartans, he asked<br> "Whose the party crashers Chief?"

> "Just some Spartans who decided to drop in." He told him.<br> "This is Lynx and this is Munch." He said gesturing to them both in turn.

> "Munch?"<br> "It's a long story sir." Replied Munch. \_(A.N. Mostly having to do with him not picking a name himself and leaving me to do it, I just stuck him with what I normally call him. That'll teach 'im.)

> <em>

"Covenant reached the fire control center." Cortana broke in.

> "They brought a bomb."<br> "Can you diffuse it?" Admiral Hood asked.

> "Yes but I'll need the Chief's help to reach the detonator."<br> "Chief, get to the bomb double time. Cortana, prioritize targets and fire at will."

> "Ay Sir. Chief, there's something you should see here, I just found a couple of 'smart' A.I.s, they say their looking for a 'Moreta Lynx', and a 'Munch.'"<br> At the sound of their names, both their heads snapped up.

> "Why would some A.I.s be looking for us?" Munch asked with his head cocked quizzically.<br> "I don't know, but let's find out." Said the Master Chief.

> And the Trio sped off into the sunset errr, hallway.<p>

\* \* \*

>(1)FOF: friend or foe, it the HUD's radar, yellow blips are friend, red is foe.<br> (2)O.P.: Orbital platform. That's what the Athens, Malta, and the Cairo are.

> (3)Foe Hammer, was a top pelican pilot who died just before the first Halo blew.<br> (4)Linda is a l33t m4as3r sniper, she makes impossible shots look easy, she is also one of the few remaining Spartans left ant the end of the Halo books. Speaking of witch, Bungie better write Halo2 book soon if they know what's good for them.

Ahhh, that was a long one, 5 pages. I should have the next out soon, I have tomorrow off 'cuz I think I got Pneumoniaâ€|â€|...again.

> P.S. my printer isn't working right now so my Beta Reader isn'tâ€|â€|â€|Betaâ€|â€|..reading. So sorry if this chap isn't up to snuff, where ever snuff is, isn't that stuff illegal?<br> I should keep it away from my story, I'm naturally high enough already.

(A.D.H.D)

Back from the doc's, I got Bronchitis, but it was very nearly walking pneumonia, so there!  
> Ohh, and the monkey thing happened the day after, what Vikki went through in chapter 1, yes all that did happen and on the same day. And yes <strong>Lots <strong>of stuff blew up afterward.

—

\* \* \*

>Zombie, Zombie, Zombie, Zombie nation.<p><p>\_

\_I've got you in my heart, I've got you in my head, Let's take a Rendez-vu,  
> I've got you in my dreams. <em>

\_This randomness brought to you by the music I was playing while writing this chapter.\_

#### 4. Star Gazing

.-Moreta Lynx walks onstage and turns to the audience.-  
> Ahem, I'm sorry it's been so long since I've updated.<br> This isn't actually an update, it's an authoresses note to explain why.

> I've been really busy, sorry.<br> I spent the night at my friends house Monday night, Tuesday, and through Wednesday till 'bout 4pm (I spend the night 'cuz she lives like 5 miles from where I have drawing class once a month, where I live like 40minutes away.) So I had enough time mon' to get home from work, pack a few more things, and leave, wedns' I got home in time to go to church, after work Thursday, I cleaned my room some, 'cuz the same friend was coming to stay the night till late Saturday, for my Birthday, which brings me to my next pointâ€|â€|â€|.   
> As of 4:44 today, I am officially 19.<br> WOOOOTTT!  
> I got a new Hard drive, a bible with a metal cover (wouldn't survive in my purse otherwise), a cross of 3 nails, Halo2 sound track (which I'm listening to now), and admission to see Robotzâ„¢ Saturday, from my best friend (who is the most wonderful person in the world).<br> I got 40 dollars toward buying some more RAM for my 'puter, (I'm running XP-Pro with 128mgs of Ram, and it's not pretty.) from my parents (who are the best parents in the world, I do most of the "Research" for this story with my dad.).  
> I got a 2 liter bottle of Cokeâ„¢ from the repeatedly mentioned friend along with a very long straw (which is a joke about how much of the stuff I drink), the return of one of my movies (OscarÂ© by Sylvester Stalone, one of the funniest movies ever) and got me a devotional book.<br> And my sister and my friend, Clint, I got a War Hammer, thing with Merry and Eowyn, fighting the fell beast, and the Witch King Agnor. (don't kill my on my spelling, I can't find my complete LOTR book.) \*\*Man that thing rocks! (\*\*sis bought the figures, Clint did the rest, lots of detail too, Merry's feet even have the hair painted, the faces too well the faces don't have hairâ€|.but you get the point. It's incredible.)

My sis streaked my hair with black and bright red, I love it, pain in the hiney to get it done tho', we will do the blond streaks later we have to do them separately otherwise the diff' chems' in the color

vs. the bleach would have probably killed usâ€¦â€¦for some reason my sis was opposed to thatâ€¦â€¦can't imagine whyâ€¦.hmm, anyway, I've got a couple of paragraphs semi done, but for now I have to work obscenely early tomorrow, my fingers are freezing, and I have more ice-cream cake left (I got Wil-e-coyote chasing the road runnerâ€¦..it was either that or sponge Bob â€”\_shutter\_..), a nice bed with an electric blanket, and a Shonen Jump with an episode of Dragon Ball Z I haven't read.

I hope to get the next chapter out soon, it will be added to the bottom of these notes.

Wishing you many successful battles ahead,  
> Moreta Lynx<p>

Never Surrender

\* \* \*

>Sorry it took so long to get this chapter out, my work schedule has been insane. Plus I've been rather uninspired lately.<br> Well My RAM got here and as I was trying to install it, I discovered that I had gotten the wrong Intel, and that the memory I bought, wasn't the memory I needed, So I crawled into bed and stayed there for a while, I then felt better (or started getting bored) and watched "the Return of the Jedi" on DVD.

> well long story short, the stuff I need has to be "Made" for my motherboard, so I'm buying a new motherboard and processor, where I will get the money is anyone's guess, you'd think it would come from my paycheck, seeing as more and more customers are asking me if I live at McDonalds, I spend more time there than I do awake at my own home.<br> Well anyways, I'm sitting here typing this with raw spaghetti noodles in my hair,( 'cuz my dad was making spaghetti and stuck them there.) trying to get through my writers block and write something that's worth the paper it's printed on,(and my stuff isn't even printed, so that's bad). While looking through the tiger direct catalogue, I saw a 'puter specially made for playing Half-Life2,â€¦â€¦-cracking voice- It was so beautifulâ€¦â€¦-sniff, sniff- I'm sorry can I have a moment?â€¦â€¦â€¦

normal voice- well oddly enough I've started on the final chapters, not that I'm near them, but I pretty much know what there gonna look like so I need to get them down or it'll bug me.

Warrior: Thanks for the info, fixed.

Stupid Hermit: There were? Ohh, I'll have to go back and check that out.

H-Dog: Hmmm, I'll see what I can do. But the thing is, I can write for Vikki and Munch 'cuz I know them, I know how they would react to different situations, mostly the same with the Master Chief. But I'll see what I can do.

> anything to help a fellow punk.<p>

Yomiko the hellbunny slayer; Yeah I liked Foe Hammer, she was swift, I was sad to see her go, (not to mention she was my ride off Halo.) Pretty cool as pilots go.

> Also I know bleeping out hell wasn't necessary, but I choose to do

it, I don't like swear words and I don't use them, hell isn't always a swear word, but it was in that case.<p>

sharpshooter one two five: hmmm, good questionâ€|â€|â€|â€|it's likely 'cuz I'm a tired moron, but I fixed it.

dumass: Insert usual sarcastic reply here.

Xearo the White Hand: Sorry I've been trying to, but I find my dad gets pretty annoyed after pausing the game the hundredth time in a row so I can jot down content.

> I'm a perfectionist at heart, so I try to get every detail right.<br> P.S. Dial-up is evil, pure evil.

imsh: Thank you hears the other half of ch.4's update. And I do find a sniper covering your back can save your butt quite often, but theirs less glory so they are more often overlooked for characters. (Linda Rocks.)

virtual-reality: -crosses arms over chest- Humph, your no fun. â€sticks tongue out-

ShotgunChief: Thanks I'll fix that soon, let me know if you see anything else.

and for those who reviewed chapter 3.5

\* \* \*

>Warrior:<span> Thank you, it was very fun, having more of them would probably be healthy.

Ghost1800: Actually, I was mistaken, it's 128mg, not 220mg. On the bright side a slow computer teaches you patience, and exactly how many blows with a hammer it can take before you get the blue-screen-of-death (error 404).

the big al 1: Thanks, no the story continues, as you can see. And thanks, I am proud of my geek hood, but I only scored as a super-geek on the geek test you have a link too, I'm so ashamed, It's most likely 'cuz I have very little knowledge of actors names, and are to broke to afford a shinier computer. â€sniff, sniff-  
> But don't forget to launch all Zig for great justice.<p>

hotsauce6548: First of all thank you, I am a stickler for authenticity, and Halo is easily one of the greatest games ever created.

> Secondly, at the end of the Halo book trilogy, the only remaining Spartans are Kelly, who Dr.Halsey took off with for some currently unknown reason, Fred, Linda,(Woot) and Will.<br> But Yeah, I'm sure Johnson would be very surprised to see two unknown Spartans show up out of nowhere, but I think he's smart enough to avoid looking a gift horse in the mouth before he needs it to pull him outta a ditch. (looking a gift horse in the mouth, Explained: You tell a horses age by looking at the teeth, so looking a gift horst in the mouth is like, receiving a horse as a gift and then making sure it isn't old and worn out, I can't explain it very well but it's very insulting, to the giver.



virtual-reality: well I read your review and said " Wow, that looks interesting, and made an account, named Moreta-Lynx, dressed up my character made her shiny an everything, but I can't enter rooms it seems, My firewall blocks the rooms, and waits to recive instruction on whether or not to allow the "Movie" in, doesn't let my click it, so I pull up a new explorer, which has me at the same place, let's me say "yes allow this movie" and as soon as I click it shuts down all my IE windowâ€|â€|â€|after about 5-6 times it got kinda old, I'll keep trying tho, it looks like fun.

"Talking", \_"Thinking", Computer or Com system,\_ Change in POV(-)

\* \* \*

>Chapter4 "Star Gazing" <p>Lynx's mind was racing as the trio quickly made their way to the fire control center, which she found to be a very ironic place for a bomb.<br> \_"Who could possibly know we're here? Could they have a clue as to what's going on? I realllly hope no 'difficult' questions come up, I don't have many answers that are gunna be accepted very easily."  
> <em>She was startled out of her thoughts by the sound of a door closing and locking behind them.

"Ok, this door will lead to a 30ft(1) drop, from there we'll head to the other airlock" The master Chief said, waiting for the door to open.

> Lynx remembered something just as the door opened. She sprinted forward, hurling a plasma grenade before her, and, through the open doorway.<p>

The Master Chief was just about to call to her to stop, when just as the plasma grenade passed through the doorway two Elites with jetpacks appeared in it.

> One Elite threw his arms up and gave a cry of surprise as the plasma grenade melded itself to his chest plate.<br> Lynx blasted a shotgun shell into the second Elites chest, it's shields flickering, then, launching herself backward she did a back flip and landed behind the cover of a couple stacked boxes just as the plasma grenade went off, taking out the one it was stuck too and was enough to take out the remaining Elite, whose shield was too low to repel the blast.

Lynx looked back to find that the other two were staring at her.

> "I <em>Really <em>\*\*hate \*\*Eliteswith jetpacks." Lynx explained.

> "And <em>that's<em> why I try never to make her mad." Munch said turning to the Master Chief.

> John just shook his head.<p>

Lynx re-loaded as they jumped down to the outside of the Malta.

> Halfway across, the Chief noticed that Lynx wasn't looking at the ground, or even where she was going.<br> "Lynx, what are you doo-"

> <strong><em>CLANG!<br> \_\*\*"-ing?"

> "She's walking into stuff apparently." Said Munch with more than a little bit of a smile in his voice.<br> "I know stars can help you navigate, but they don't really work with obstacles." The Chief explained.

> Lynx who was still sitting on her butt pointlessly rubbing her helmet, said nothing, but the yellow faceplate seemed somehow to glow

red.<br> "I've never been able to see the stars so clearly, the Earth's atmosphere always obscured them. I've always loved watching the stars."

> "Ahh, I see, so being inspired by the awesome sight, you decided to make some of your own." The Master Chief said, in a tone much like someone who had just found the obvious answer to a question.<br> "Can you think of a better course of action?"<br> > "Nope, it makes sense to me."<p>

The trio continued on their way to the airlock, Lynx continued to watch the stars as if they could tell her the answer to Life, the Universe, and Everything, (42) but with less collisions than previously.

> They were approaching the door when blue plasma splashed then hull next to Munch's feet, he instantly ducked-and-rolled to the side, trained his Battle Rifle on the flying Elite's head, squeezed off two rounds of three shots each before Lynx and the Master Chief could add their lead to the collection.<br> Proceeding into the airlock without any further interruptions, Munch re-loaded his gun and polished the ammo from the fallen Hell-Jumper.

The airlock re-pressurized and the inside door opened into the next room.

> it had a open space in front of a large drop, there was a bi-level lift going up and down.<br> They approached the lift, swarms of Green, flying, tiny, hard to hit, evil, products of the twisted imaginations of the game's evil programmers, (oops a little off the subject) BUGGERS!

"Aww nuts, I hate these things."

> "This seems to be becoming a trend." The Master Chief observed.<br> "Ariel targets aren't my thing." She replied "Can't get up close and personal with them."<br> > "Let's ground them then." Said Munch raising his rifle.<p>

"Munch, stop simply shooting off their wings and actually **\*\*\_kill\_\*\*** them please!."

> "But I *like* watching them crawl around."

> "I'll beat you for this later."<br> "Doesn't do anything through armor though."

> "Ohh, Don't worry 'bout that, Munch, I'll find a way."<p>

After mopping up the evil Hefl-spawn bugs, the trio re-loaded and proceeded to the lift.

> Upon seeing the loads of Elites and grunts, Lynx pulled out her shotgun.<br> "This, is my territory." She said before jumping off the ledge to the upper level of the lift, plasma grenades raining down before her, soon followed by the Master Chief, while Munch sniped as always.

The Chief touched the panel that activated the lift, which lurched and began descending.

> "Lynx, check it out," said Munch pointing out the window. "A MAC cannon."<br> "Ohhhh, it's so shiny." She said in an awed voice.

> "Yeah, shiny."<br> They both sighed in unison.

> The Master Chief, once again, just shook his head.<p>

After gleaning what weaponry and grenades they could from the dead Covenant, they proceeded to the next airlock, waited for the room to

depressurize.

> As the door opened, Cortana began to speak.<br> \_The first carrier completely ignored us sir, blew through the Mulsa's debris field, and headed straight for Earth.\_

> Munch looked out the door and instantly jumped back, pressing against the wall by the door, he looked at Lynx as light blue plasma painted the space Munch had just inhabited.<br> "Your not 'gunna like this." He said.

> "Let me guess." Lynx said with a sigh. "Elites with jetpacks."<br> He nodded. The plasma spray became larger, faster, and began scoring the floor.

> "Let me guess, they have a turret too."<br> More nodding.

> Lynx hefted her Battle Rifle, tried to pump it like a shot gun, discovered she couldn't, pulled out her shot gun, pumped <em>it</em>, put her shotgun away, pulled her Battle Rifle out again, and said.

> "Bring it on."<br> The master Chief ran out of the door in front of them, shooting as he want.

> "Less drama, more shooting."<br> Lynx Tried to shrug, but discovered it to be as difficult a maneuver as she had read.

> Munch, realizing her inability to shrug, did so.<br> \*\*Whack!\*\*

> "Stop showing off." She said to the figure on the blackened floor, then ran out to help the Chief kill the Elites, followed by Munch as soon as hid shields re-charged.<p>

They made their was to the next airlock.

> Upon entering, Cortana spoke up.<br> \_just so you know, there are quite a few Elites guarding the bomb, you might need to get creative.

> <em>The three re-loaded, Lynx re-pulled out her shotgun and checked it over.

> "Well, here we go." She said as the airlock elevator door opened.

> she ran forward, pumping out shot's into assorted aliens as fast as she could, Munch ran to a cubby hole created by a recess in the wall with a low ceiling and a box, the perfect sniping spot. The Master Chief hung back behind Lynx slightly, making sure her mad dash didn't leave her in pieces.<br> The room was efficiently cleared.

The Master Chief quickly approached the podium Cortana's image projected from, quickly downloading her with a touch of his hand, he then reached over and grabbed a hold of the lighted panel on the bomb.

> After a few clicks and beeps, the rising pitch that the bomb had been humming, slowed and stopped.<br> "How much time was left?" The Chief asked.

> "you don't want to know. Chief, transfer me back to the pedestal."<br> The Chief then touched the pedestal and Cortana's image flickered to life again.

> She gave the two strange Spartans an apprising look.<br> "I believe these AI's have business with you two." She said finally, sounding, not cold, but cautious.

> Two more figures appeared above the pedestal, One a Gold Dragon with huge wings and multi-faceted eyes, other was a boy in his mid to later teens, with spiky blond hair, dark skin, and blue eyes. He wore a yellow, open fronted jacket that ended before the ribcage did, mid-length sleeves, and a white hood, his left arm had blue and red armor on it ending in a gray gauntlet. Atop the jacket he wore a Black leather bib-overall-like-thingy that zipped up in the front, and was cinched at the waist with a matching belt, oddly enough, the

overalls didn't end in pants, under he had black leather shorts on coming above the knee on the left side and below the knee on the right, the extra length on the right side had a bright red symbol on it that was mirrored by a silver matching symbol on a silver chain. Brown and gray boots and his gloved right hand held massive aqua-blue sword that ended in a fishhook-like barb. (Kudos if you guess who he is before I tell you.)<p>

"Hi." The boy said cheerily. "I'm Tidus."  
> "I," Said the dragon without moving it's lips, it's voice was non-human sounding but somehow feminine. "Am Orlith."<p>

\* \* \*

>Cliffhanger, cliffhanger, cliffhanger.<br> OK, this one deserves an apology, I need far more sleep, which probably accounts for the silly nature.

> I know I'll look at this tomorrow, after work and a nap and scream. Nowhere near as refined as usual, but I really had to force it out, and I hated the thought of making you wait till later.<br> Ohh, and randomness, when they come out with the live action version of DBZ (live action: played by people, not animated), Jet Lee should absolutely play Vegeta, definitely, and I disturbingly find that I can see Sylvester Stalone playing Goku&#160;|&#160;|&#160;|Fear&#160;|&#160;|&#160;|I need more sleep...and to get the noodles out of my hair...yeah...tha'd be good.

## 5. Random April Fool's Chapter

Disclamer: &#160;|Just&#160;|&#160;|&#160;|&#160;|all of it&#160;|&#160;|&#160;|

Random April fool's chapter

> ( Yes In know this is late, I couldn't post it on April 1st, FanFic wouldn't let me, plus I've been thinking about picking up a new hobby, might make it a daily thing, I think it's called "sleeping", I don't know tho, it seems 'kinda unnessasary to me.)<p>

\* \* \*

><p><p>

"Woot! I got an A.I. sw33t!" Lynx chattered excitedly  
> "A.I." Munch said slowly. "What dose the 'A' stand for?"<br> "Artificial." Lynx replied.  
> "&#160;|&#160;|.What do-"<br> "Intelligence."  
> "Ohhhhhhhhhwhat was the A again?"<br> "'Cmon'cmon'cmon,Iwannablownstuffup." The Chief whined.  
> "OK, fine we can go blow stuff up." Said Lynx tiredly.<br> "YAYYYYYYYY! Weeee let's go." Munch and The Master Chief cried in unison, throwing up their hands.  
> "Ewwwww, you threw up your hands, that's nasty." Said Lynx Disgustedly.<br> the two, now handless Spartans quickly yanked their helmets off and&#160;|..wait they didn't have hands, so instead they both employed different tactics, the Chief tried using his feet, while Munch bashed his head repeatedly against the bomb.

"Uhh, Chief?" Asked Lynx worriedly.  
> The Chief paused in his acrobatics<br> "What?"  
> "Aren't u worried that he'll set off the bomb?"<br> "Nope, He'll be



\_In the Covenant engine room \_

\_"Man, you'd think the covies' would mightâ€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|..well I don't knowâ€|â€|â€|.maybe actually do something to \*\*\_protect  
\_\*\*their engine room!"  
> "Now why in the world would they do something like that?" MC asked, truly surprised.<br> "â€|â€|â€|â€|." (Lynx)\_

The trio fled as a fiery explosion blossomed from the Covenant ship's engine room, the blast wave it caused them to hurtle through space at breakneck speed.

> "Ohh good, glad to see the ship's here." Thought MC as they Rocketed through space toward the rather unforgiving surface of the UNSC ship.<br> "I just wish Lynx would stop that incessant yelling."

>  
<strong><em>"Thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbad,thisisbadthisisb-<em>\*\*

And the rest, after a sudden wet thud, was silence.

Curiously enough, the only thing that went through the mind of Munch as he fell was "Oh no, not again." Many people speculate that if we knew exactly why Munch had thought that we would know a lot more about the nature of the Universe then we do now.

\* \* \*

><p><p>

See? \_This \_is what you get when you overwork an authoress.

> I seriously sat down today to try to write a serious chapter, I sat here staring at a blank page for a serious amount of time and could, seriously come up with nothing better, seriouslyâ€|..<br> I would still like your reviewsâ€|â€|â€|pleaseâ€|â€|â€|.sniff if you can name all the tributes in this chap you might get to play a Marine. There's 1 I don't think anel will get it thoughâ€|â€|tryâ€| there are 7.

## 6. Aquantences

Did you know that the day I wrote chapter 4, that morning and the night previous I had been thinking a lot about the chapter, and I walked into work, punched in, and immediately took a guys order, well this is not very unusual, nor was the fact that he was wearing a shirt with his name sewn on it, the McDonalds has an additional entranceway on the road to the Imlay City industrial park, I found that the fact that his name was John was slightly ironic, but no more than that, I found it \*\*\_Extremely \_\*\*Ironic that he bought a large coffee, because his total came to \$1.17, I just 'kinda thought "\_It's gunna be a long day."\_

\* \* \*

> <p>Those who reviewed chapter5<p>

Warrior: Thanks, and if you ever need a hand with those Brutes, I'll be there.

Stupid Hermit: first thanks, I really had fun writing the April fools chapter, and secondly, yeah I wasn't sure what exactly the Master chief was blowing up, so I 'kinda guessed, 'cuz I felt lazy and didn't wanna find out.

H-Dog: Hey, hey, I'm updating :). And just F.Y.I. I don't think I'm gunna add anyone to the story, I'm sorry but I think it would damage the credibility of the story, I don't want any plot holes.

xXHellsingXx: Munch in real life isâ€|â€|â€|inspiringâ€|â€|â€|but good that was just the character I was going for, Caboose and doughnut.

> It really stinks that u were kicked, I hope you can come back and do more stories.<p>

Jordan Hancock: Thanks, I work hard on this, I want it to be the best I can make it. And no I don't have a thread on Bungie.

TheSpectacularInsanity: Just keeping things interesting.

Ghost1800: I will try to lay off Douglad Adams, but it's hard, what with his movie just coming out and all, I for one Liked it.

> Also thanks <strong><em>soooooooo<em>\*\* much for your patience, my life is so busy lately.

SPECIALGUY: Right and wrong, yes the armor is mark-6 but I was referring to the Spartans themselves, but I used the wrong number, it's the SPARTANS-II, I don't know what happened to SPARTANS-I but John0117 and all other known Spartans are from the SPARTANS-II program.

> Also I don't believe that the game contradicts the books, where dose tha game contridect the book? John didn't <em>know<em> anyone on Reach had survived until after blowing Halo. Anyways.

> Those are some killer ideas but like you said to much Dues-Ex-Machina, (teleported ammo mark 7 w forerunner tech) 'Drools'.

hide-a: Thanks! I'll do my best to improve.

YoukaiNinjaGurl: Cook, a Halo2 loving Ninjaâ€|â€|â€|it's good to be amongst like company.

My name, uh, wot was it: I'm glad it made you laugh, and I know how hard it can be to not wake up your parents, I perfected the art of silent hysterical laughter long ago, you have to if your gunna be a night owl.

Warp Ligia Obscura:) continuing, continuingâ€|

ron999: O.K. here's another 1.

Anti-socialist: Thanks, I feel good about it.

\* \* \*

>Those who reviewed chapter6<p><p>

Warrior: I'm trying to, thanks.

Jericho the Fallen Angel: Thanks, and I've read "The Ark" it rocks, keep it up please.

Skull Panda:â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|wellâ€|â€|I guess thad'd do itâ€|â€|â€|and thanks, I'm very glad my fanfic is so good, I've tried to do my best on it.

dumass: awww, (blushes) thanks, anything to keep you insane, I pity those who are saneâ€|â€|â€|â€|it's got to be sooo \*\*boring!  
\*\*

H-Dog: ooooooh, ooooooh, can you have your phoenix blow up Imlay McDonalds?

> after it's closed of course. <em>PLEASE?<br>\_(ohh make sure all the workers have left first, my sister closes lost of nights, and if she got caught in the ensuing explosionâ€|â€|â€|well let's just say me and Orlith would have to give you a little \_visit\_ and I \_really\_ don't want to have to do that to you.:)

trevor: oh you got 6? Review again and tell me which ones you got please. Theirs 1 or 2 I don't think \*\*\_anyone\_ \*\*will get. And as for "Never surrender" that's a good idea, I loved 'Galaxy quest' but there is a song on the Halo2 soundtrack called 'Never Surrender' it's mostly Techno with some Cortana phrases overtop of it.  
> Me being an up-close-and-personal 'kinda girl, I  
<span><em><strong>HATE<strong> \_anything that flies, dad just calles them "Flying skeet". When we're coming up on a room I know has lot's of Buggers, I always tell him "age before beauty." He always returns "Strategy before fool-hardy recklessness." I then stick my tongue out at him.

TheSpectacularInsanity: Thanks for the understanding and the patience. I've been in over my head lately.

YoukaiNinjaGurl: (tear) I'm sorry, I'm trying, you don't have to threaten me;)

Ghost1800: Thanks, laughter is clinicly good for you, they spent millions finding that out, so remember it :)

ok, F.Y.I. I'm trying to contact all my reviewers who have a yahoo account and get them on Yahoo I.M that way If I'm on the next we can chat and you can be all like "Your story stinks why aren't you writing the next chapter," and "Why are you surfing the net? You should be sleeping or writing."â€|â€|â€|yeahâ€|â€|â€|I'd be fun :)

\* \* \*

>Chapter6-aquantences<p><p>

—  
> "Thinking" <em>"Speaking" \_computer or com system \_A.I.'s talking

\* \* \*

>Lynx was the first to speak. "But.. how-" The Master Chief cut in<br> "Ask questions later we have move \*\*\_now!"  
> <em>\*\*"Where are we going?" Questioned Munch, Lynx bit her tongue



to keep from answering.

> "To the cargo bay." Said The Master Chief, Munch took a breath, about to speak, but Lynx balled her left hand into a fist, and he stopped.<br> A text from Lynx scrolled across his HUD(1)

\_Lynx:Remember we know nothingâ€|â€|

> Munch:At least <strong>I <strong>have to pretend.

> Lynx:Keep it up and the flood will be the <strong>least <strong>of your worries

> <em>

> The two looked at the pedestal with the three A.I's on it, Cortana had her right hand on her hip and was inspecting the nails on her left hand, Orlith was preening her wings with an air of dignity, Titus was bouncing his blitz ball soccer style.<p>

"Well, here we go." Said Lynx and the trio reached out and downloaded their respective A.I's, The Chief was quite accustomed to an A.I. downloading, but to Munch and Lynx the feeling of liquid ice penetrating their mind was quite new.

> Lynx knew what was coming and she shook her head as the feeling sent chills through her, Munch had no idea whatsoever so he yanked his hand back and gasped.<br> The indescribable feeling of having a presence in your mind, it's 'kinda like the feeling you get when your being watched, and you know your being watched, but your not creeped out, and the person your watching knows that you know that their watching you, and so on and so forth.

"Whoaâ€|â€|that's trippy." Said Munch and the others had to agree.

(-)(2)

"So, How are you here?" Lynx asked Orlith

I was brought here to help you do what you were brought here to do

\_"Brought here?"\_ Lynx thought "And what am I here to do?" She asked.

To bring balance.

(-)

"Soâ€|â€| your Titus?" Munch asked the blond character bouncing a ball around in his HUD.

Titus caught the ball and tucked it under his arm.

> <span>Wellâ€|â€|(3) you might say that, but not really. I'm more like a compilation of his character traits, I'm no more the actual Titus than Orlith is the real Queen Dragon that the Dragon Lady Moreta rode. Not to mention that we never existed in the first place, I mean I was just a dream of the Fayth, and Orlith is from the future. <span>

"So, your 'kinda what he would'a been if he existed."

Yes, that's it! Titus said with a smile

"Soâ€|â€|your Titus?"

\_sigh\_

(-)

"Are you sure we can trust them?" The Chief said referring to new A.I.'s.

Are you sure we can trust \_them? \_Said Cortana referring to the new Spartans.

"I do, I don't know why but I do, it's a-

Gut feeling, Said Cortana, cutting in. I know, and believe me those A.I,'s are clean, theirs absolutely \_no way\_ the covenant could have gotten them in without me knowing. The Cove's might have us in weaponry, ship technologies, and shielding, but they don't compare to our computer tec, and they have nothing on out A.I.'s. She said the last part with quite an air of satisfaction.

"Well, I hope your right." He said as he turned on his com.

"Permission to leave the station Sir."

\_What for Chief? \_

\_"To give the Covenant back their bomb." Their was a slight pause as this idea registered, and thenâ€|

> <em><br> Permission granted.

> <em>

> The trio grabbed the bomb and started hauling<em>

(-)

I know what your thinking, and it's crazy.

"So, stay here." Was the matter-o-factly reply.

Fortunately for us both, I \_like\_ crazy.

> <span>

> (-)<p>

"So are you absolutely refusing to tell me why I'm here and how to get out of here?"

Well I told you why you're here, but for the second partâ€|Yes.

"Arrrrgh!"

(-)

"Soâ€|Your Titus?"

â€|â€|â€|

(-)

One last questionâ€¦What if you miss?

The Master Chief looked at the other two who nodded back.

"I won't." he stated flatly as the airlock doors pulled apart

\* \* \*

>I was gunna go farther but this seemed like an unparallel stopping point, I'm sorry this one is so short, the next one should be more forthcoming.<br> I've beenâ€¦distracted lately (Doom3 for X-Box, Doom3 for X-Box, Doom3 for X-Box Doom3 for X-Box, Doom3 for X-Box, Doom3 for X-Box)

> Advice for all fellow gamers out there, never let my sister watch you play Doom3, she totally freaks out over the slightest thing, like Imps spawning in behind you, Charging demon dogs, and Evil-skull laughter.<p><p>

\* \* \*

>(1)HUD: heads up display, displaying your health, ammo status, crosshairs, name and rank of comrades, who your talking to on the radio, and Titus had obviously found a to display himself, there are more uses for the HUD than I've mentioned here.<p><p>

(2)paragraph: these four lines took me longer to write than any other portion of this chap.

(3)What I wanted to put: You have no idea how hard it was to not put "aaah, you'sa might'n be sayin that" I've been watching lots of Star wars.

## 7. Return To Sender

If you noticed, I've added stuff to my bio, new (hopefully) funny things, and at the bottom is an area just 'kinda letting you know what's up with the next chapter.

\* \* \*

>Reviews. <p>Anti-socialist: Thanks, I'm really glad you like it, I have fun writing it.<p>

l33tmansayswoot : Thanks, I figured it was about time someone mixed them, I love being a geek, there's nothing betterï•Š

Ghost1800 : I'm glad u like it, I plan on seeing this through to the endâ€¦â€¦yikes!

Brendan: Thanks Brendan, thanks also for doing the Beta-read so fast. Remember when you **\*\*do\*\*** read & review the other chaps you remember that everyone can read your reviews. :)

elfprincess : My humor is mostly insanity-and-ADHD-inspired, You should see the odd looks I get at work. I hope I represent The Master Chief well, he dose have a personalityâ€¦â€¦you just have to look for it.

church : Well it means friend or foe to me, so there (blows

raspberry)  
> anyways, I don't suffer from insanityâ€¦I enjoy every minute of it :)<p>

Laegreffon Damarius Laizare : Thanks I like yours tho, It's definitely something new, I'm looking forward seeing where it's going.

\* \* \*

>Chapter 7: Return to Sender <p>There was a loud roaring as all the air rushed out of the docking bay, but the unnatural, absolute silence that followed seemed far more deafening.<br> The trio, grasping the bomb, glided smoothly out into open space.

"Woah."That simple statement somehow conveyed the raw amounts of awe, and the feeling that beauty had just stuck a knife in your chest that Lynx was experiencing.

> It was like multi-hued Diamonds, whose clarity and brilliance were unmatched on the blue-green marble below them or any other world for that matter, had been set on velvet so black that light was absorbed by it.<br> Galaxies spiraled off in the distance, Comets streaked by leaving trails of fire like gashes in the inky-blackness, anâ€¦..EXPLOSION!

> A UNSC ship exploded below them, and even though their faceplates darkened almost instantly, the three were almost blinded by it.<p>

"Gah!" Lynx yelled, letting go of the bomb and bringing her hands to her faceplate in attempts to doâ€¦something about the explosion of light and pain bouncing around in her head.

> "Don't let go!" the Master Chief yelled to her."VIâ€¦.DANGIT!" Said Munch grabbing at Lynx's arm in attempt to keep her from drifting away. Lynx reached out one hand, attempting to find her handhold once again, Munch used his free arm to guide her to one of the protrusions.<br> "Thanks." She said holding the bomb once again.  
> "Well <em>That<em> was monumentally stupid." Munch informed her.

> "Shut up Munch." Lynx said, her voice telling him it wasn't a request.<br> Lynx looked toward the Covenant cruiser in front of them.

> "<em>Let's see if I've got this timed right,"<em> She thought.  
> <em>"3â€¦2â€¦1â€¦<strong>now!"<strong>\_ Lynx shielded her eyes just as a UNSC ship blew a large hole in the hull of the Covenant ship.  
> Orlith popped up in the right hand corner of her HUD(1).<p>

Scanningâ€¦ There was a pause, That hole gives us a straight shot directly into the engine room.

And that explosion will have jettisoned or killed any covenant troops that were in there. Said Cortanna.

Now all we need is a little flowery welcome mat. Titus added.

"â€¦.Doesn't this seem a little convenient?" Asked Munch.  
> Lynx thought about this for a second before replying, <br> "Nah, I agree with the peanut gallery. This is too good to pass up."

> "It's a moot point." Said The Master Chief, "We can't effectively change our trajectory anyways.<p>

The trio drifted directly into the gaping wound in the Covenant ship, the Chief turned to the two.

"Stay at the mouth, make sure no Elite's are hiding around, I \_don't\_ want this thing going off early."

> The two Spartans nodded to The Master Chief and pushed off opposite sides of the bomb so it wouldn't be pushed off course too far.<br> As they reached the opposing sides of the hole and Lynx pulled out her Battle rifle as Munch yanked out a SMG(2), they both scanned the area.

The Master chief overheard the two unknown Spartans talking over the com.

"Your Eyes are \_really\_ that sensitive to the light?"

> "Munch, think about it, have you <em>ever<em> seen me outside without sunglasses on?"

> "Well what about when it's raining out and-"<br> "\*\*\_ever?\_"\*\*

> "â€|â€|pointâ€|. "<br> The Master Chief once again found himself wondering what connection those two had, but now was not the time to ask.

> "Get ready to pull-out!" He said reaching for the detonator.<br> The bomb resumed it's highâ€"pitched whine as The Master Chief re-activated the bomb.

> "Lets Go! Move, Move, Move!" He said launching off the bomb.<br> "Stay together!" Lynx yelled as John advanced upon the two Spartan's position's.

> The Duo launched themselves in sync with The Master Chief.<br> They had just barely gotten clear of the blast zone ,when the bomb blew, the shockwave accelerating through open space.

Lynx fought to control the sudden bursts of adrenalin that were coursing through her, she knew that a UNSC ship would intercept their course, which would have put them into re-entry, and not even Spartan armor would keep them safe from burning to cinders from the friction, not to mention the loud, slightly metallic sounding 'SPLAT' their landing would create.

Munch felt his heart pounding, but according to his biosign's readout, it was well within safe levels, he vaguely wondered what a computer knew about what his heart-rate should be, then he remembered he was around 8feet tall and weighed about 3 times what he normally did, and wondered what \_he\_ should know about what his heart-rate should be.

> He looked at where Lynx and The Master Chief's bios were displayed and noted that Lynxes heart wasn't exactly rock steady either.<br> The Master Chief's was, not a flutter, it was though he was totally unconcerned.

The Master Chief stared forward, watching as the Blue-green globe got rapidly bigger, filling his field of vision.He knew that they would make it, he had already calculated the distance to travel, their velocity, and the velocity of the UNSC ship, even taking into account the speed-boost from the explosions behind them, but he couldn't quite help the fact that he still needed to take a few deeper-than-normal breaths.

> He checked Lynx and Munches biosigns, a bit higher than normal,

nothing to worry about.<br> His eyes lingered on the line where their rank was supposed to be displayed, it still had error messages flashing next to them, they would need to figure something out for that if the two were to stay for any length of time, as far as the UNSC was concerned they were civies', and for a couple of non-military personnel to be wearing Spartan armor, un-thinkable.

Just as the their shielding started flaring from the atmosphere, their view of Earth was blocked by the letters UNSC in black, and the three Spartans impacted on the gray hull of the cruiser.

The Com-system flared to life.

> "For a brick, he flew pretty good." Said Sergeant Johnson.<br> Miranda broke in. "Suit up Chief, were going to take this fight to the surface."

\* \* \*

>OK, just so 'yall know...Batman Begins rocks...a lot, I'm hoping to see it a 3rd time with one of my co-workers. just thought you should know. <p>(1): OK. I'm tired of telling 'yall that HUD means Heads Up Display.<br> If you haven't gotten it by now then you won't, from now on it won't be appearing down here, unless, of course I have something to add.

(2): SMG-Sub Machine Gun, if you didn't know that already then what r u doing reading a Halo2 fanfic?

## 8. Fighting Back

Me, I know this up-date was way to long in coming but, as always, I've been busy and for the last week I haven't been able to log on to fanfic. I Don't know how many of you read the note on my Bio-page but as I said I'm going to re-vamp the story I'm adding a prologue, and changing a few minor things.

> The prologue will be written as separate story so I don't have to mess with the chapters I've already put up, I hope it won't take long, I've got it mostly written but I'll have to transfer it from paper to my 'puter.<br> Also I might, stressing might, be able to get the next stuff out faster, I developed arthritis in my right ankle and can't workâ€|â€|funâ€|..

\* \* \*

>Reviews<p><p>

the big al 1: Never give up, Never surrender!

Warior: Well I'm updating, but this 1 most certainly wasn't soon

dumass: â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|â€|.waitâ€|â€|..how could being a 'Master of Insanity' in any way be a â€|\*\*bad\*\* thingâ€|.I'm confusedâ€|â€|â€|

> Thanks that is a title I will bear with pride.<p>

steven: Thanks, I'll keep up as long as u keep reviewing..deal?

ShotgunChief: Ohh, ohh. Did you catch the '42' on the semi they we're loading the drugged up teddy bears on? In the end I saw the movie 5 times in Theaters â€|â€|.sighâ€|â€|Batman rocksâ€|..  
> About the 'hud and smg thing', well after working at McDonalds for over 5 Â½ years, I've come to appreciate howâ€|â€|â€|â€|.errr..un-knowledgeable andâ€|oblivious the general populace can be. And most certainly for to lazy to go through the trouble of asking me, I know 'cuz I am. If I introduce anything new though I'll add it, but I'm done repeating the same thing over and over.<br> Holy-Flying-Snot, I can't believe I haven't read yours yet, or did Iâ€|..agh now that I have time I'll read the Jason 1, I don't know the 'Republic Commandos' tho.

Raptor - X1: Your Review meant a lot to me, this is all stuff I've been bouncing around in my head but I wasn't sure where I'd go with it.  
> Your review was the push that helped me decide what to do. Although I haven't gotten to the point yet where I feel it's the right time to expand, I will tho, this is my story, and I will make it mine.<br> I'm glad you could get into the world that well, that's what I'm going for.

YoukaiNinjaGurl: Here you go, another dose of the Master Chief hope that keeps ya.

Boss Man: Good, I keep writing, u keep reviewing

Jake Skywalker: didn't you know? I'm psychicâ€|â€|â€|.O.O  
gaspâ€|how could you think thatâ€|â€|your so mean ;(

MastahChief: Cool we could pair up and beat the snot out of any Covies that come our way.

l33tmansayswoot: I am to Randon.  
> Ohh look, a shiny object.<br> how could you say I'm not random.  
> P.S. I 'kinda need an E-Mail add 2 E-Mail u<p>

Jake Skywalker: Hey look you got 2.  
> I also hate the fact that they turned Hitchhikers guide into a romance, but other that that the movie rocked.<br> by the way "I love the teisted sense of humour you have.:) "  
> I'm sorry I'm at a loss to what this means.<br> May the force be with you.

Knight 56: awwâ€|(blushes) thanks. Brendan read me this 1 over the phone while I was in Florida, I had him check my E-Mail 4 me, gah! I laughed so hard.

eliteElite: I know how that is, sometimes I wish my head had a 'Refresh' button on it.

Laegreffon Damarius Laizare: sorry 'bout the shortness, but sometimes it seems like if I continued it would kill some of the effect.  
> Ouch, I once scratched my eye on a pine needle (long story) right through my contacts, man that hurt, then it got infected and I had to go to the doctors and get drops to put in my eyes, so I was stuck only being able to wear 1 contact for like a week, which is extremely disconcerting for me, and I got to scare the crap out of others 'cuz I was wearing 1 purple colored contact, and then my other eye was my

natural color,<br> weee that was fun.

Da Grim Reaper: Thanks, I'm rather fond of chapter 5, and the responses I got, and am continuing to get about it.  
> everything from 'Bwahahahahaha that was great', to 'Don't ever do that again' 'cept they said it politely.<p>

J3ph a.k.a."Munch": munchâ€¦|..+whap+ that's y I left the authors note in regards to Linda, \*\*AND\*\* I sat there and explained it to you while I was in the middle of writing that chapter.  
> By the way, I'm overdue for some 'Munch Hunting'.<p>

Setesh; as a Co-worker pointed out I'm an OCD perfectionest. Everything got to be right, or it will slowly drive me insane.

YoukaiNinjaGurl: Ohh you get to as well.  
> Bwahahahahaaaaa! Tremble in <strong><em>fear<em>\*\* of my 133t authoress powers! Bwahahahahahahaaaaaa!<p>  
> (calmly) by the way, I was on quizilla first, that's how I found ThankBlame Ciardra for getting me hooked.

Slayerboi: I'm glad to see I'm not alone in my McDrugery. (just kidding Brendan)  
> And thank you, I'll keep your advice in mind as I do the re-vamp-age<p>

NCHammer326: Thanks, and as I stated before Bungi better make more Halo books if they know whats good for them.

wafukong:)

Brendan Donahue: Thanks! Here's the next 1, I know I didn't let u Beta this 1, I wanted to get it done quick. See ya.  
> Little One<p>

\* \* \*

>Chapter 8- Fighting Back <p><em>"Thinking" <em>"Speaking" \_computer or com system \_A.I.'s talking

As the embers of the explosion died down, like a spent super-Nova, the Spartan-clad trio magnetized their boots and made their way to the airlock.

As the air was cycled through, Lynx concentrated on letting the adrenalin work it's way out of her system, a handy trick she learned growing up with ADHD, and employed to dispel stress during some of the more hectic days at work, her other methods of dealing with stress were: Loud music, Quake-2 on the hardest level with god mode on and the biggest guns she could conjure up, and if worst came to worst then a long bath worked too.

The light above the door turned from red to green and with a slight hiss the bulkhead door slid open to reveal the face of Sgt. Johnson, and he looked mad.

> The Master Chief was quite used to the Sergeant's moods was not worried, but he noticed the spike in Lynx's pulse as she took a quick step back.<p>



"\_So she'll charge a troop of angry Elites, hitch a ride on a 20-megaton bomb to an enemy controlled warship, and ride the shockwave through open space hoping to land on a friendly ship that isn't in the progress of combusting, without a problem, but encounter an angry face and she freaks. "\_

Munch was fine, but this was more due to his own inane-cluelessness. This doesn't imply in any way that Munch was stupid, just clueless.

"Chief, you and the unknowns over there need to get suited up, for a ground-ops." Sgt. Johnson barked.

"But first..." He said, turning on the two.  
> "I wanna know <em><strong>exactly<strong>\_ where you two come from, how you got here, and \_\*\*precisely\*\*\_ what your doing here!"

Munch looked over to Lynx for the explanation, but she said nothing.

> He took a step forward.<p>

"Well Sir, we both come from Earth, but as to how we both got here, we don't know, last I knew we were both sitting around playing a video game and then \_boom,\_ here we are, aliens are everywhere, were getting shot at, so we shot back."

"What military were you in? How the hâ€" did you learn to fight like that?"

"No military Sir, it feels.."

Lynx then gathered herself and injected.

"Natural Sir, like we'd been doing it all our lives, Instinct."

"OK." Johnson said with an expectant tone. "That just leaves what your doing here."

"Well sir." Said Lynx. "I don't know how we got here, and I don't know how we'll be getting home, but we're here now, and it seems that we're in a position where we can help, so we might as well do what we can for Earth, 'cuz we can't get home if there is no more home to go to."

Sargent Johnson stared her hard in the eye for a long moment, He'd worked with the Master Chief long enough to know just where to look, Lynx didn't flinch or look away.

After what seemed like an eternity, the Sergeant finally broke into a broad grin, he clapped Lynx on the forearm.

"Well, I guess that's good enough for me. Cm'on let's get you three to the armory."

Lynx breathed a sigh of relief, of course she had read quite a bit about Sgt. Johnson, of how he was almost taken by the flood, survived through Halo, assisted through the trek on the Covenant vessel '\_Truth and Reconciliation'\_ to the covenant space station '\_Unveiling Hirophant\_', and if it wasn't for his help, the Earth

wouldn't even exist. Lynx had great respect for the man, but he scared the ke'jabbers out of her.

Munch stared at Lynx in shock as they walked down halls still stained with the blood of both aggressor and defender alike.  
> It wasn't like Lynx to stand up to authority like that, and even if that person was clearly in the wrong she would never be so brass.<p>

At the armory, Munch managed to talk Johnson into letting him take a sniper rifle, instead of a battle rifle, and Lynx got a shotgun in the place of her SMG.

As the Trio prepared themselves for a fight on their own soil for the first time, the Master Chief conversed with Cortanna.

"Well? What do you think?" Asked the Chief, hooking frag-grenades to his suit.

\_They're both telling the truth, no doubt about that, but I think theirs a few things being left out.\_

"You mean they know a bit more than they're letting on?"

\_Especially Lynx, how'd she know how to handle Sgt. Johnson? It's like they both know us.\_

"Do you think this will develop into a problem?"

\_No, I think they'll tell us in time, despite hey mostly headlong attitude, she seems very cautious when dealing with people, and Munch won't say anything unless its ok with Lynx.\_

"We'll give them time then, They seem to be trustworthy in a fight, and I think that's all that matters for now, how they got here after we get these b----- off Earth."

Thankful of the mirrored faceplate, Lynx observed the looks of awe from the marines as they boarded the pelican, she wondered what it was like to grow up like this, hushed conversations about him, all heard clearly, the stares when they thought he couldn't see them, the fear on the faces he had spent his entire life protecting, defending, and fighting alongside.

She mentally shook her head, people fear what they don't understand, and hate what is not like them.

The three stood at the open back of the pelican, grasping the overhead handholds firmly.

The city had become a battlefield, destruction was everywhere, blackened walls, flashes of white and blue light marked where battles had broken out, half-collapsed skyscrapers gave Lynx a painful all-to-real reminder of the horror of 9-11, and brought back images she knew she could never forget.

\_I'm picking up a Covenant transmission. The message just repeats, Regret, Regret, Regret...\_  
> <em>\_Cortanna said, breaking the silence.\_

"\_Catchy, any idea what it means?" \_Asked Commander Miranda Keyes.

"Dear humanity" Broke in Sgt. Johnson.  
> "We regret being alien b-----,<br> we regret coming to Earth,  
> and we most definitely regret that the Cor' just blew up out  
raggedy " fleet!"<p>

"Hoo-Ra!" The Marines chanted in unison.

\_Regret is a \*\*name\*\* Sergeant, the name of one of the Covenant religious leaders, a prophet. He's on that carrier and he's calling for help.\_

The voice of a Marine crackled over the Pelican's Com-system.  
> "Immediate, grid kilo-2-3 is hot.<br> recommend mission  
abort."

"Roger Recon." Replied Keyes. "Your call Sarge."

Johnson stuck his smoldering, non-regulation cigar in his mouth.  
> "We're going in."<br> It wasn't a order, it was a simple fact, a  
statement of precisely what the future held.  
> "Get tactical Marines!"<p>

"Master Chief" Cut in the admiral. (1) "Get aboard that carrier,  
secure the prophet of regret.  
> This is the only place on Earth the Covenant decided to land, that  
prophet is 'gunna tell us why."<p>

"30-seconds out," Said the pilot. "stand by to"|"..woah"

The Master Chief's eyes snapped to the front, the Pelican was headed straight into the glowing plasma cannon attached to the front of the massive Scarab.

The point of light grew brighter and larger in size, pulsing, it appeared to almost draw in the atmosphere around it.  
> Suddenly the plasma and the space around it seemed to shrink, to draw into itself, as a fist being pulled back before punching. <br> All at once the stored energy was released in a rush of heat and noise, the pilot, who had been trying desperately to pull the large bird port was fried instantly, his short scream echoing through the cabin as the plasma ripped a jagged line on the starboard side, stretching from nose to stern.  
> The pelican careened out of control, the three Spartans, un-able to buckle into the to-small seats, held desperately to any thing solid they could grip.<p>

The starboard wing caught a nearby building, tearing it completely off and sending them spiraling into the ground.The impact flung the Spartans clear on the wreckage. Munch saw the look of terror on the face of a Marine who had his arms shielding his head, then a view of the bright blue sky, all the more beautiful with the flashes of bright white, as tho the stars had decided to give the universe a inter-galactic fireworks show, then he saw (very briefly) a wall, and then nothing but black.

\* \* \*

>There, 4 pages, how's that? Still 'kinda small I know. I'm working on it<p>(1): Major cop-out here. I have absolutely <strong><span><em>no<em>\*\* idea what this guy's name is, if anyl can provide me with it I'll glomp you.

## 9. Home Ground

It's been far to long. I'm sorry I've neglected everything for such a long time.. also you all need to watch the sock baby vidsâ€|..seriouslyâ€|â€|I mean itâ€|â€|. www. Sock baby .com go there. The dream sequences are based off them.

I'm also looking to write a Half-Life2 fic, the first chapter should be out soon.

\* \* \*

><em>He had to run, he had to get away, otherwise <strong>They<strong> would get him.  
> He was wearing his pajamas, running through a green field. <br> He had to score a goal.  
> He looked up from the white and black-checkered soccer ball to the 10-foot guard in front of the goal the size of a Kleenex box.<br> The guard was wearing a black business suit, his face was mime-white except for his lips and the area around his eyes, which was pitch-black, a black fedora and a half-ton club half the size of the white-faced man, completed the look.\_

\_The white-faced man raised his club and started swinging it over his head.

>

"EEEEEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
AAAAAA!"<br> The pitch and tone of the Giant's cry gave the impression that the one emitting it wasn't humanâ€|.or at least had an extra vocal cord or two.  
> But the runner figured that wasn't an option, seeing as the towering figure had no neck, the head and barrel-chest seemed joined of their own accord.<em>

\_Seeing the mammoth guard in front of him, he glanced back, it was a mistake.

> The rolling, tumbling, churning tidal-wave-like mass of Numbers and every math symbol ever invented, moved to form a 20 foot beast with four spindly legs supporting an oval-shaped head, the mouth opened to reveal a frog-like tongue, except made out of numerical symbols.<em>

\_"It will eat me if I don't make a goal in 5 seconds!" He wasn't sure how he knew, but he knew.

> For some reason he feltâ€|cut-offâ€| from the rest of his mind, like he was trying to see through a monitor, or a T.V. instead of his own eyes, everything was hazy and he felt like his brain was made of lint.<em>

\_He struggled to focus, he lined up his shot, pulled back his leg, and kicked the sphere as hard as he could.\_

\_The black and white man, who had never stopped his strange screaming, renewed it with a passion, emitting ear-splitting sounds

as he swung his club and hit the soccer ball, base-ball style.  
> The running figure stopped in his tracks, mouth agape, watching the ball attain orbit with a trail of fire marking its trajectory.<em>

\_To late, the pajama-clad figure remembered it's **\*\*other\*\*** fate.  
> He turned just in time to see the Math-Monster's canines, made out of 9's, engulf him.<br> munch.  
> munch.<br> munch.  
> He could here the monster eating him!<br> munch.  
> munch.<br> munch.  
> That's not fair, <strong>hearing</strong> yourself being eaten was just not right.  
> munch.<br> munch.  
> munch.<br> It occurred to him that he was hearing "Munch" not the sound 'munch'.  
> <span>Munch.<br> Munch.  
> Munch.<br> He realized that he'd known this feeling before, like an entire chunk of his mind was missing, but that was only when he wasâ€|  
> <span><br> â€|â€|â€|â€|dreaming!  
> <span>\_ "Huh?' Munch asked, snapping awake.

\_I said that you were dreaming!\_

Fuzz resolved itself and Munch saw Tidus bending toward him, looking as tho he was trying to see into the young Spartan's helmet, a look of concern in his face, Blitzball tucked under his right arm.

"What happened?" He asked, sitting up.

\_Pelican wrecked, you and the wall got on real close terms, you we're only out for about 5seconds.\_

"Seemed like much longerâ€|" Munch trailed off.  
> Twisted scraps of iridescent green metal was strewn everywhere, fire and smoke billowed from the wreckage, Marines pulled themselves from the mutilated piles of Titanium-A armor and the strewn concrete, all that was left from what had been a building of some sort.<br> A blob of the green wreckage stood up and walked over to Munch, offering an appendage of some sort.

"You all right?" The gravelly voice of the Master chief asked.  
> Munch shook his head to clear the cobwebs.<br> "Fine.' He said quickly. "Where's Lynx?"  
> Munch looked over to where a gray figure was stirring.<br> \_"I can't **\*\*believe\*\*** you made me watch all those 'Sock Baby' episodes. Gah! That was weird!"  
> <em>

\_The Stainless-steel counter which normally came up to her waist now nearly reached her chest, and she couldn't even dream of seeing over the register itself, the only reason she could see the customer was because he was 7feet tall and looming over her.  
> She noted she was back in her McDonalds red crew shirt, instead of the beige one that signified that she was crew-trainer.<em>

\_The customer was shouting out his order rapid-fire and for some reason she couldn't find the find the right buttons on the register's touch-screen, someone had moved everything on her, the customer

noticed that she wasn't keeping up and started yelling his order angrily and even faster.

> He had his food now, but the things he got wasn't the things he'd wanted, he'd ordered the number'1 value meal, but he really wanted the number'9 fillet-of-fish meal, or was the fillet-of-fish, 'Flish' for short, still a number'9? Hadn't they changed it on her once when she was out sick for a week? Nothing made sense.<br> The customer was swearing at her now, ahh, finally something she was familiar with, now she knew what to do, as soon as a customer started swearing they we're immediately handed off to a manager, among all the stupid rules and mindlessly pointless regulations, McDonalds always stood up for there employees.\_

\_She turned to find a manager, she didn't see her sister, her best friend, or one of the many others she had worked with for years, most of who looked at her as a little sister, despite the fact that she was older than most of the non-adult managers, Instead she saw a thin man in a black suite, with mime-white face, black surrounding his eyes and on his lips.\_

\_The figure looked at her.

> "Sham bam bamana! My name is Davis. I've come to kill sock baby!"<br> He pointed dramatically to the sock now held in her left arm.

> The girl looked down and she was suddenly wearing a brown suite, and large golden sunglasses.<br> She looked around and suddenly all the customers, all the employees, everyone, was a Davis look-alike. The 7foot customer in front of her was now a 10-foot behemoth wielding a club the size of herself.\_

\_In one sudden move, she jumped the counter and sprinted out the door, strange wraith-like screams coming from behind her.

> She burst open the door and ran as fast as she could down the main street.<br> Hearing more of the same screeches, she looked behind her only to see the streets behind her filling with more of the creatures as everyone in the buildings and businesses behind her turned into more of the beings and gave chase.

> Davis and the giant were in the lead.<br> "Sham, Bam, Bamina!" Davis yelled as She looked back.

> She was watching the growing crowd behind her and not where she was running, something caught her toe and she slammed to the ground.<br> She looked at what had tripped her, it was a small pill with the word "Plasma" written on it.

> "Hello!" She told it, but before she had a chance to pop it into her mouth, the horde was on her.<em>

\*\*\*"GAH!"\*\* Lynx yelled bolting upright.

> <strong><br> "GAH!"\*\* Munch yelled jumping back, he had been approaching her to help her up and her sudden fit of consciousness scared the crap out of him.

> "Don't Do That!" He yelled at her, stretching his arm out once again to help her up.<p>

"What?" She asked. "Get a concussion, or regain consciousness?"

" No! Scare the snot out of me."

> "Awww.. but that;'s soo funnâ€¦".<p>

"Shake it off Marines!" The voice of Sgt. Johnson cut through any further comments. "Clear the crash-site, Go! Go! Go!"

\_"\*\*That!\*\*" Was an odd dream, all because Munch forced me to watch the entire series like three times last night!"\_> Lynx did a quick systems check, her armor and shielding checked out fine, started to check to see that her weaponry was still serviceable and realized she was holding something, she glanced at her hand, pausing momentarily, then she cracked a smile after realizing what it was. Tossing the object behind her, she caught up with the other two Spartans.<p>

Sgt. Johnson watched her re-join the others, then he knelt down and picked up discarded item, like the previous holder, he paused, then a smile formed as he recognized the object as a docking hook, made to secure the warthogs and battle Tanks to the Pelicans for transport, it had handgrip-shaped dents in the Titanium-A grade metal, it had broken off the Pelican before the holders grip had.

\_"Time after time I've seen the Master Chief do the impossible on Halo, 'Truth and reconciliation/Gettysburg' the 'Unyielding Hierophant', and then on what was left of Reach. But the Spartans never cease to amaze me."\_

The trio approached the only exit to the small courtyard that wasn't presently on fire or buried under (also burning) rubble.> The Master Chief, turning the corner first, quickly put three rounds into the head of a grunt who'd been charged with the task of discovering the cause of the large explosion.<p>

"Munch, I need you up top." He said gesturing to the covered hallway leading toward the open space the now-dead Grunt had come from.> "Get me a view of what we're walking into, than pick off what you can."<p>

Munch nodded and strapped his sniper-rifle to his back while Lynx stood with her back to the ledge, cupping her hands.> Getting himself a run-up, Munch ran forward, put a foot into Lynx's hands and jumped up while Lynx boosted him. A gently-arching front flip, landed him on his feet bending deeply at the knees to absorb the momentum so the rifles strapped to his back wouldn't jostle and clank. Munch quickly drew his sniper rifle, scanning the area in front of him.<br> Directly to his left, there was a niche, where the rooftops of a few taller buildings weren't quite flush, something shone from the harsh shadows.> There was a sniper rifle with full ammo lying there guarded by an ivory-white skull.<br> Munch quickly pocketed the extra ammo, and ran toward the courtyard.

In the rectangle-shaped courtyard, a three-story building lay in the upper left hand corner of it. There was an alleyway at the top right-hand corner, which fingered out into more side streets. The large building was Covenant controlled, to take the square, they'd have to take the building first.

"Munch, what's our view?" The master Chief asked.> Silently Munch sent what he was seeing to The Chief's HUD, There was a moment's silence.<br> "Ok, Munch stay up there, give us what cover you can, the rest of us will take the structure."> In the master Chief's helmet, Munch's acknowledgment light winked green.<br> The Master Chief turned to the rest of the group.> "We need to take that building." Srg. Johnson nodded.<br> "Let's

**\*\*move\*\*** marines."

As the squad swarmed into the courtyard, decimating the off-guard Covenant, Munch used his vertical advantage to get around the energy shields of a group of jackals that were trying to flank the marines.

> <em>"There's one, two, three, can't get an angle on the last oneâ€|who's idea was it to put a potted plant  
<strong>there?<strong>\_" Munch's finger hovered above the trigger; he could only see the tip of the jackal's energy shield, as he watched a marine was advancing as the group fire whittled away at the shields of an Elite, and hadn't noticed the jackal lying in wait for him.

Step-by-step, inch-by-inch, they were advancing toward the 3-story building, the structure they had to take to gain control of the square. He kept a steady stream of fire pounding away at the Elite's shields, just a bit more befo-BLAMMNN

> The marine was sprayed with something blue seemingly at the same time as the resounding gunshot, he looked to his right in time to see a jackal with it's shield up, plasma pistol aimed at his head, not even 5 feet away. The marine was frozen to the spot, slowly, the jackal fell to it's knees, then forward, exposing the gory remains of the back of it's head.<br> The soldier next to the olive-green and neon blue marine looked at the would-be killer and leaned over.

> "Holy crap!" He said to the un-moving marine.<br> "No kidding I think I messed my self!"

> The green and blue marine looked past the fresh corpse to the Spartan hanging off the side of the building holding a sniper scope to his eye.<br> "Holy-, glad he's on our side."

Munch breathed a sigh of relief and continued to search for targets from his vantages-point, a self-made handhold in the roof of the concrete building, and a couple of toeholds he'd kicked into the building's surface. He looked up from the scope in time to see an Elite come flying through the doorway to the upper-level balcony in a cloud of phosphorescent blood. The Master Chief emerged followed closely by Lynx, Sergeant Johnson and the rest of the marines. The Master Chief glanced up at Munch and his 'com crackled to life.

> "Ya got anything?"<br> "No sir, I can't see anything from here."

> "Then secure a position from the top of this tower and keep the streets clear."<br> "Got'ca."

Lynx quickly took up position on the turret stationed on the second story balcony; while the Master Chief defended her exposed left side. She quickly picked off the last of the invading army that was scattered around the courtyard.

Munch proceeded to the roof where Sgt. Johnson had already taken a position. Munch situated himself at a point that would best cover the areas Johnson's positioned missed; careful to avoid walking on the glass portions of roof.

> Johnson looked up from his scope long enough to glance at Munch.<br> " If they didn't know we were here before, they do now." He said before going back to scanning the area for hostiles.

\* \* \*

>There, I've updated. The ensuing updates be by no means be



rapid-fire, but I hope never to leave the story idle for so long again. <p>Go Read my Sis's Fic, it's Inuyasha but it's ActionAdvebnture...this is **\*\*My\*\*** sister we're talking about here.

Also go read, 'Hello Halo' there have been some changes to it, important ones.

End  
file.